



You can put an end to joint pains
if you quicken the circulation
and reduce so that your clear
from your system excess uric
and potassium impurities. Let
DeWitt's Pill. It will bring a slight
relief to action NOW, help them
to filter out the poisons and then
with the power of the body.

Mrs. R. R. W. writes: "For
about 10 years I suffered with joint
pains in my joints and back.
After seeing a doctor and taking
DeWitt's Pills, and after taking
about 20 pills I noticed improvement.
Two bottles ended my
problem."

DeWitt's Pills are ready to
take the quick relief. Within 24
hours of the first day you have
relief that you were not able to
expect miracles overnight. Give
DeWitt's Pills a fair trial and
you will be more than satisfied
with results.

DeWitt's Pills

For Backache, Rheumatism, Joint
Pains, Sciatica and all forms of
Muscular Aches. Of all sizes
1, 2, 3 & 5 fl. oz. Purchase Tax!

Nip Kiddies Colds in the Bud

Home Made Cough Medicine

Every Mother Ought to Keep

Because every mother knows that
when children get sick, it's a dose at the
first cough or sneeze. Herbs are a very
easy and quick remedy to keep away
water to which you add one ounce
of honey and mix well. You may sweeten
the mixture to taste. If you are not
allowing a little sugar or syrup, or
candy, add a few drops of oil of cloves.
Children simply love this mixture
as it is a good cough medicine
and it only costs 10 cents per
time per day. For
example, if you can get a 1-oz. bottle
of oil of cloves (10 cents per
ounce) at any good
drug store, add 10
drops as no not to forget
the ingredients and dosage.

—

FROM a poor *café* on a shabby Boulevard of Paris has emerged this strangely moving narrative of the sadistic humiliations put upon the unhappy French by their Hunnish masters. But through it all glows the spirit of Old France, a spirit which before long will burst into raging, devouring flame, engulfing the Boche and all his foul works in its avenging fury.

By PIERS ENGLAND

THIS STORY, OUT OF PARIS, IS TOLD BY A POOR OLD MAN WHO DID A LOT OF WORK FOR A LITTLE LIVING IN AN OLD CAFÉ ON A SHABBY BOULEVARD. THEY CALL HIM BY AN ABSURD NICK-NAME; I SHALL CALL HIM TIMOTHY. HE USED TO BE IN THE ARMY IN NORTH AFRICA, BUT WAS INVALIDED OUT AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS WITH A FEW SORES AND A FEW FRANCS OF PENSION; BECAME A WAITER, GOT OLD AND SLOW, AND SO AT LAST CAME DOWN TO WORKING IN THE CAFÉ —.

He struggled hard enough to keep life in his poor little body, even before the fall of France choked and blinded the nation with its dust and ashes. Afterwards when the Germans came in, Timothy had to work—like everybody else—down his store, he told me. Imagine the little wizened veteran—browed and caring little whether he lives or dies—telling you this in slangy, jerky Parisian, with many gestures, in a cloud of acrid smoke from a black cigarette of Timothy.

“SPEAKING OF myself, I have had enough. Life has banged me like washing in a stream, and I am washed-out and finished. I came from nowhere, and I went nowhere—and got there. It has taken in sixty-five years, and I have never been a water in the Café —. The proprietor kept me on only because I was cheap, and perhaps because he had nothing else.”

Because, look; my feet are no good any more. A bullet smashed this ankle. I am slow and not very sure.”

“The only thing I have got still is my sense of humour. I could always make a bit of a joke, pull a face, make a remark, somebody would play an accordion, or a guitar. Or some variety turn, too. I could stand up and sing a song, or play cards, or play cards, or play cards anywhere else, would do a dance or sing a comic song.”

“I could stand for any joke, any trick played on me. Sometimes they used to pull rabbits' feet to scare us, and then we would like a rabbit and wrinkle my nose.”

Once in a while some girl would drop in, and I could see that we might have married. As it were we simply good pals.”

“I was a good pal,” he said. “Arms—her real name was Annette. She had a slim, good-looking moustache as a man, and was very fat.”

“I am a good pal,” he said. “I was a good pal, and a good heart. Once she was a remarkably good singer in company.”

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You can still enjoy the comfort and long wear of Goodyear Heels and not sacrifice the beauty of the protection. Goodyear Heels are built entirely of Regulated Rubber, by a special process resulting from Goodyear's vast scientific experience and knowledge. Goodyear Heels make the least demands on valuable raw materials and on the repair of Europe and throw it into the sea!



STICK TO

GOOD YEAR "live" RUBBER HEELS

no money with Goodyear "live" Rubber Heels and stick-on Soles.

Must you travel?

TICKETS



“Yes, I hear they want more BOVRIL”

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THE MORE YOU WORK—



the better sleep
you need

You're not doing your bit
if you're not really fit!

Here are two "scientific sleep" tips to try out-to-night. See how much better they make you feel in the morning!

1 Whatever you do, get a good night's sleep. See "How to Make You Feel Happy for at least half-an-hour before bed-time every night." Troubled sleep is under your control.

2 Make a "nightcap" of Bourn-vita a regular habit—it will soothe your body, digestion and calm your whole body.

Start taking this two times a day—
and you'll make a world of difference
to your sleep and go.

WITH CADBURY'S
BOURN-VITA
you'll be equal to it!

Still 15 p. lb

HENS LAY LIKE CLOCKWORK

Mrs. N. P. of Arlington,
Mass., writes:—I ventured
into business in August, buying
400 pullets from a local
breeder. The first month was
strain, and I was seriously thinking of selling the
birds when I met a friend at a Poultry show. I bought a 750 packet
of Keweenaw Poultry Spice and
tossed it in. From day 2 to day 12 would be a Thousand And One Nights of battle, murder and suicide.

I am going to say a story
that happened at a place I shall
call "the hen house."

It was a little fort. The British
were there and held it. We left
the fort and the British paid for that place, paid heavily.

Blood is thicker than a playboy's

spends money.

But I am surprised to tell you

that happened to a story I shall
call "the hen house."

Two hundred hens were being
trained from a single plane.

They were travelling in a lorry,

with an escort and supplies. A

still—there were lost, lost,

lost, lost, lost.

Then a hawk, a black hawk, a

raider saw the lorry, died at it,

THE BATTLE FOR FUEL

FUEL COMMUNIQUE No. 8

LET'S JOIN FORCES AGAINST THE COLD!

That is the sure way to success in the Battle for Fuel. United action is as essential in our homes and at our fireside as it is on any of the other great war-fronts. And there's no time to waste. Winter is marching, frost and bitter winds will soon be making their attack upon us. We must unite against them.

SO—SHARE YOUR FIRESIDE

Share and keep warm. Thousands of tons of fuel can be saved in the next few months—provided fires are shared by friends and neighbours. Some people say this means a change in our national habits. What if it does? We are all in this war together. The greater our co-operation the stronger our war effort.

Sharing firesides (and coolers too) is one of the biggest contributions fuel-savers can make towards victory in the Battle for Fuel.

START SHARING DIRECTLY YOU START YOUR FIRES

Make your plans at once for the Friendly Fires that will do so much for the country and your own comfort. Don't hesitate to make the first approach—someone must take the lead. Work it out—one evening here, another evening there, the next in your own home.

CINDERS COUNT! When your fires are going, don't forget to sieve the cinders. If all the cinders in Great Britain go in open fires in one year were sieved, no less than 2,000,000 tons of coal could be saved. This fuel would:

- (a) Run all the railways for 8 weeks, or
- (b) Make 20,000 light tanks, or
- (c) Provide a year's electricity for 20,000 searchlights, or
- (d) Make enough steel for 1,000 destroyers, or
- (e) Make 100,000 eight-thousand lb. bombs.

REDUCE FIRESPACE NOW by putting in firebricks

KEEP YOUR EYE ON YOUR FUEL TARGET

SIREN OF THE



ROMMEL was smashing through to the coast. You might have thought that bell was empty and all the devils loose in the name of war. Instead that God gave him the name of Rommel. Bir Hakeim. The terrible epic of the Devil's Children was fought to its conclusion: the last, slow, silent struggle, when themselves against the tanks and fought with the most silent courage of pit-fogs.

Big Ben, the bell, was on until its jaws broke—then fell in a kind of bloody glory.

Rommel smashed through; roared past, head on, for the front. Menasir, Bardia, Sollum, Cassala. He seemed to be tearing through the desert, like a panzer, like a paper hoop. We were not heavy enough then to hold him. Do you remember his awful swinging attack?—that was beating in the backbone of El Alamein?

Then we stopped him. You can almost see it now, in a catch-as-catch-can. They stood breast-to-breast against him. There was a panic, things seemed to stand still—two colossal backs and fell away.

In that pebble of a dozen islands was won the day. A day of glory, a day of victory in every splash of blood. A history of the ten days that redounded to the British victory. 2 and 12 would be a Thousand And One Nights of battle, murder and suicide.

I am going to say it again: that happened at a place I shall call "the siren house."

It was a little fort. The British were there and held it. We left the fort and the British paid for that place, paid heavily. Blood is thicker than a playboy's spends money.

But I am surprised to tell you

that happened to a story I shall call "the siren house."

Two hundred hens were being

trained from a single plane.

They were travelling in a lorry,

with an escort and supplies. A

still—there were lost, lost,

lost, lost, lost.

Then a hawk, a black hawk, a

raider saw the lorry, died at it,

SANDS

bombed it, blew it to the devil and soared away. Three people were in the plane, the pilot and two women. They were caught up in a fast-moving drama like leaves in a whirlwind.

Doctor de Bry uttered

the death-wish.

Marie-Louise did not remember

much later than when the plane dived and she saw, quite distinctly, the splinters and the shattered bits. Two of them were Dr. de Bry, the pilot and the third was Sergeant "Knocker" White.

White had been captured

and was being

questioned.

"Knocker" White, meanwhile,

had been captured

and was being

questioned.

Meanwhile, the German

air raiders were

falling.

From time to time

they would hear

explosions.

Then they would hear

explosions.

